Per. I will beleeve you by the syllables of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith, I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Cals my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortallity, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene god-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles*
Mar. Is it no more to be you
thers name was *Thaisa*? Th
the minute I began.
Per. Now blessing on thee,
Give me fresh garments, min
at *Tharsus*, as she should hav
tell thee all, when thou shalt
she is thy very Princes; who
Hell. Sir, tis the Governo
melancholy, did come to see
Per. I embrace you, give n
I am wilde in my beholding.
But harke, what Musicks this
Tell him ore point by point,
How sure you are my daught
Hell. My Lord, I heare no
Per. None? the Musicke o
Lys. It is not good to crosse
Per. Rarest sounds, do ye n
Lys. Musicke my Lord, I h
Per. Most heavenly music
It nips me unto listening, and
Hangs upon mine eyes, let m
Lys. A pillow for his head
Well my companion friends
liefe, Ile well remember you

Diana. My Temple stands
Hie thee thither, and doe upo
my maiden Priests are met t
veale how thou at sea didst lo
with thy daughters call, and g
performe my bidding, or tho
by my silver bow; awake an
Per. Celestiall *Dian*, God
I will obey thee: *Hellica*